

MARVEL  
ISSUE  
**19**



**RESERVATION  
ZONE**

WOOD • MEDINA • VLASCO • ABURTOV  
**ULTIMATE COMICS™**

# **X-MEN**



JOHNSON

LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS ARE HATED AND FEARED MORE THAN EVER, ONE GROUP OF YOUNG HEROES HAS BANDED TOGETHER TO FIGHT BACK.

ULTIMATE COMICS

X-MEN



## PREVIOUSLY:

With a crippled country undergoing reconstruction, the mutant population still struggles to find its place in society. President Captain America offered the community two options: a cure that erased the mutant gene and a plot of land for those who chose to keep their powers. Thousands took the cure. Now only twenty mutants remain. Twenty that will determine the fate of mutantkind forever.

And now former friends, Kitty Pryde and Nomi Blume, find themselves on opposite sides of an age-old argument. Can these rivals find a way to reconcile their differences or is there a new war on the horizon?

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The war ended.

The President came.

The politics were weighed and the decision was made.

The serum, the "cure," was offered and most of us took it.

Twenty of us remain. Twenty who wanted to stay mutants, twenty of us who would forge a new community, a new nation and a new identity.

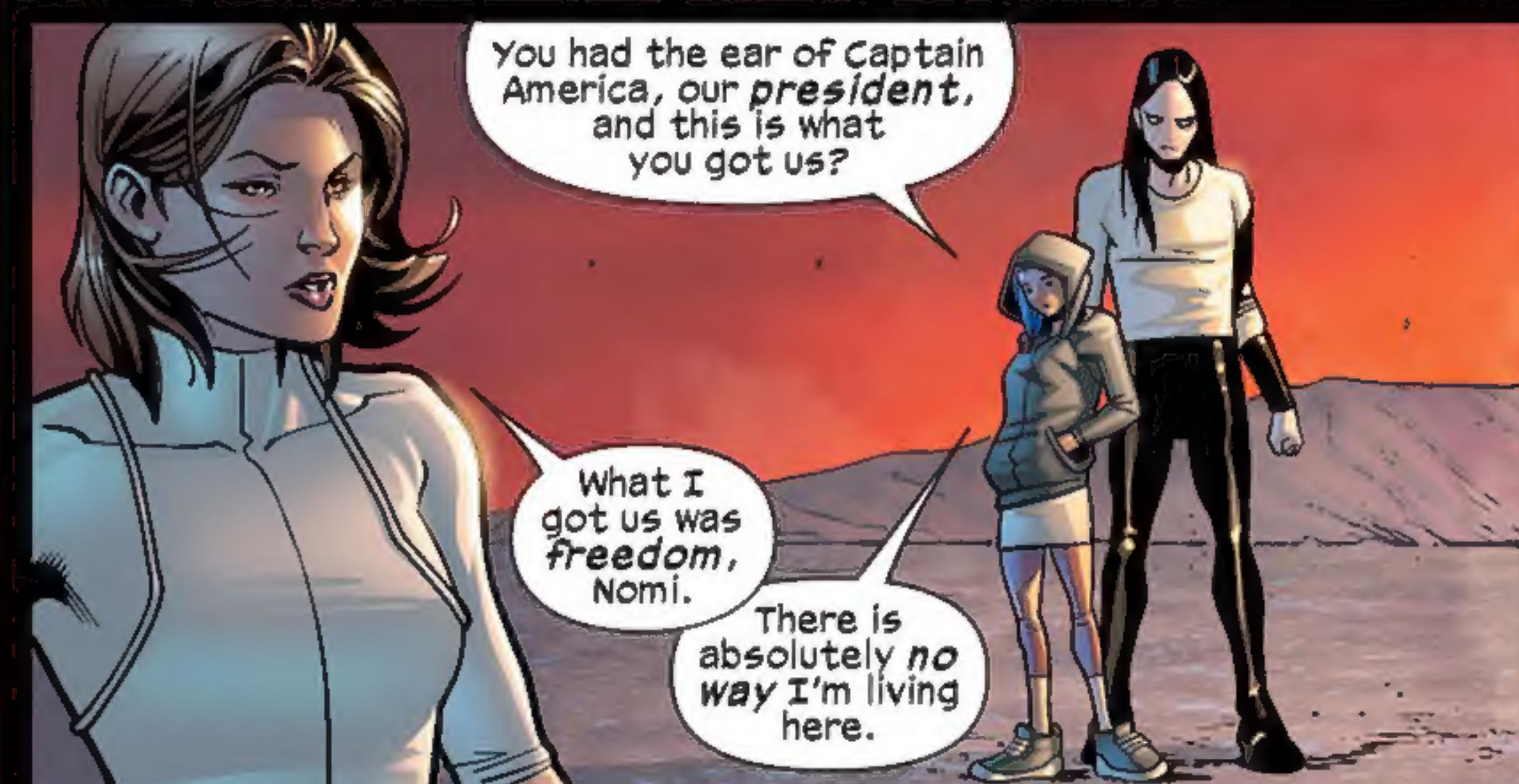
Twenty were proud to do so.

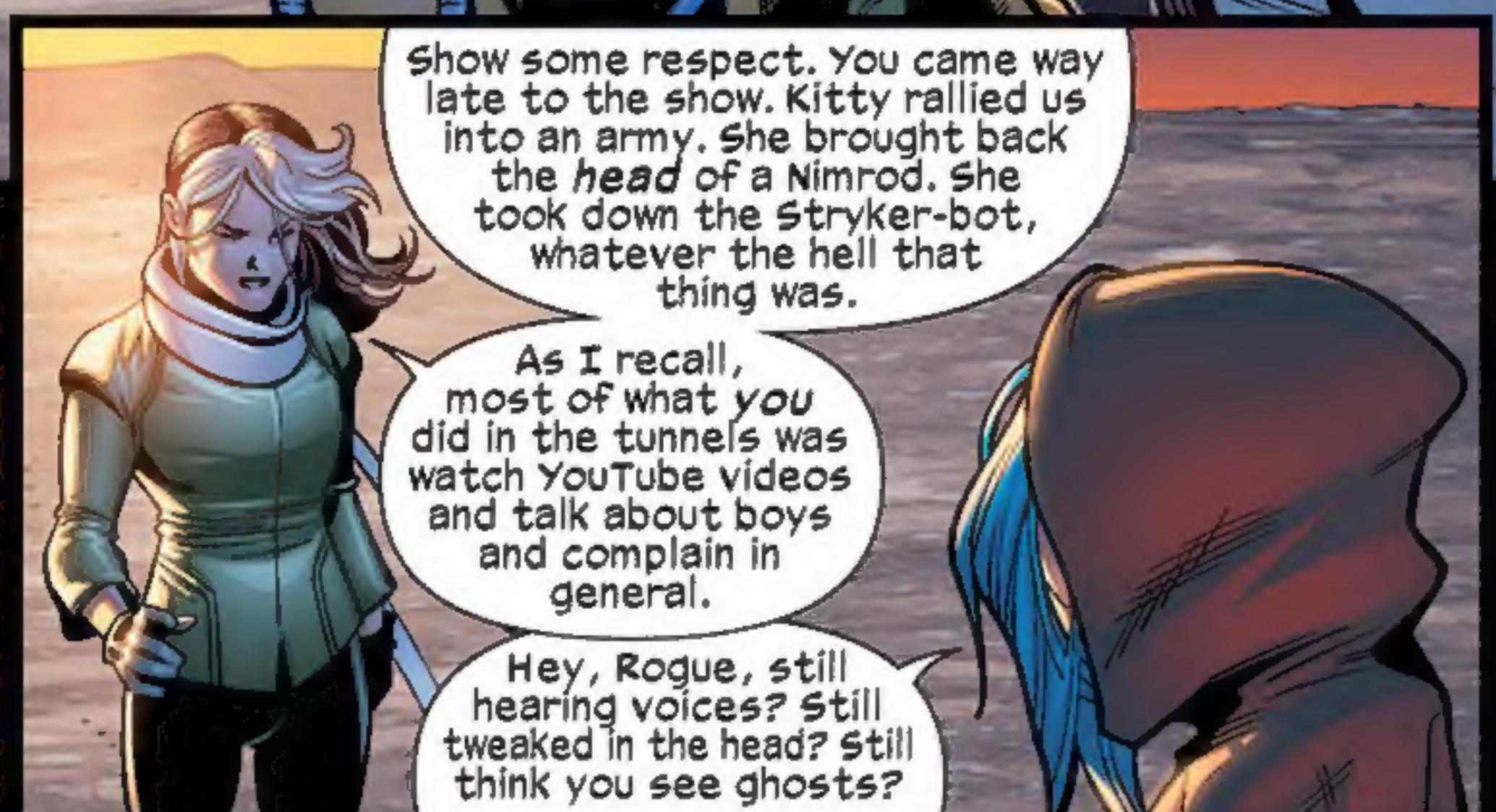
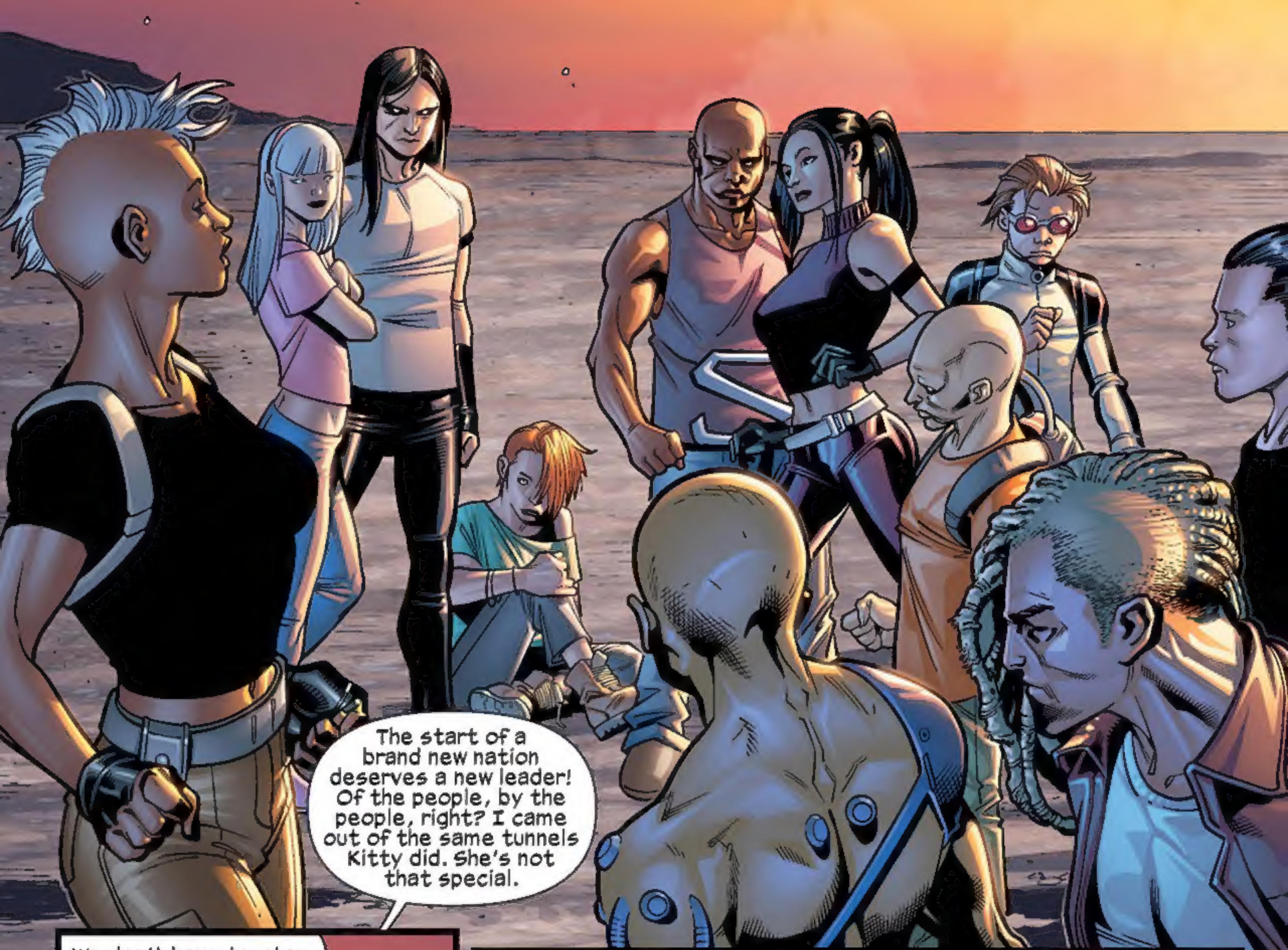
THE GRAND NATIONAL  
EXPERIMENTAL RANGE.  
UTAH.



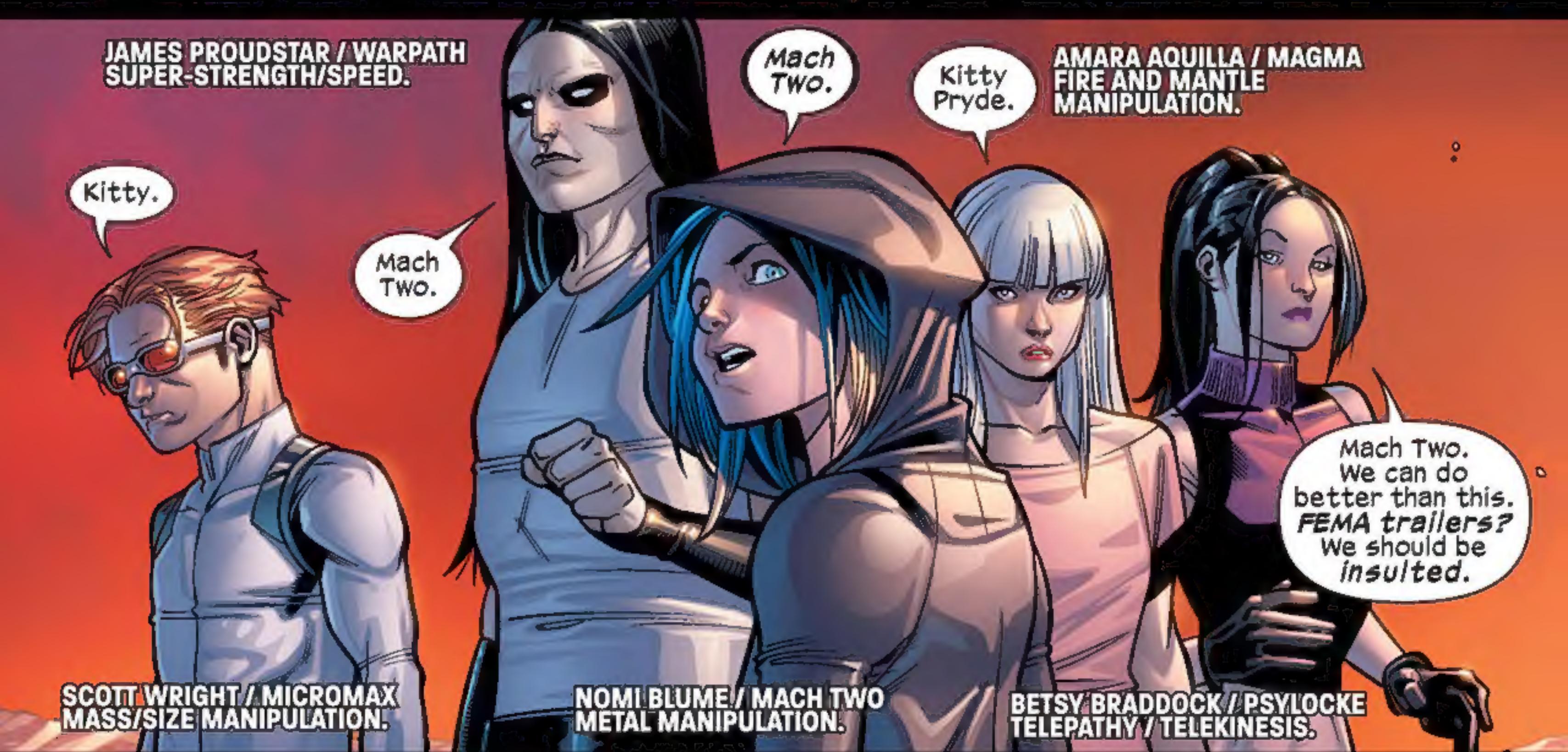


## THE MUTANT NATION.









The soldier said the settlement's two miles northwest.

Sam called this land garbage.

It is actually quite beautiful. Very dense, molecularly speaking. Lots going on. I can work with this nicely.

When I was in the caves, I would never dream of using my abilities. I was made to feel ashamed.

I have Kitty to thank for rescuing me from that self-destructive mindset. I was once an artist.

So if you please...

...Our path forward is obvious. Kitty Pryde has earned my respect, and so my vote.

And by my count, that means she wins.

Learn a lesson here, kid. Actions lead to popularity, and popularity to power. Kitty Pryde earned her votes. Doesn't matter that she's wrong.

So stop pouting and think about the future.

"And make sure  
your next  
move sticks."

Did Nomi  
get to you?  
What she  
said?

I have a  
thicker skin than  
that, especially  
when the insults  
come from  
fourteen year-  
old girls.

Truth is,  
I feel pretty  
great.

You could've  
fooled me.

My head is  
clear. I feel like  
myself. Whatever  
was twisting me up  
inside, it's gone.  
I feel healed,  
Kitty.

I love this  
feeling, and that's  
part of why I feel  
so sad at the  
same time.

Quentin?

He's a dork, I know. That  
stupid hair and hipster jeans,  
but he healed me. He did it  
like it was nothing, a snap  
of the fingers. Less  
than that, even.

And I  
could touch  
him. Like, really  
touch him.

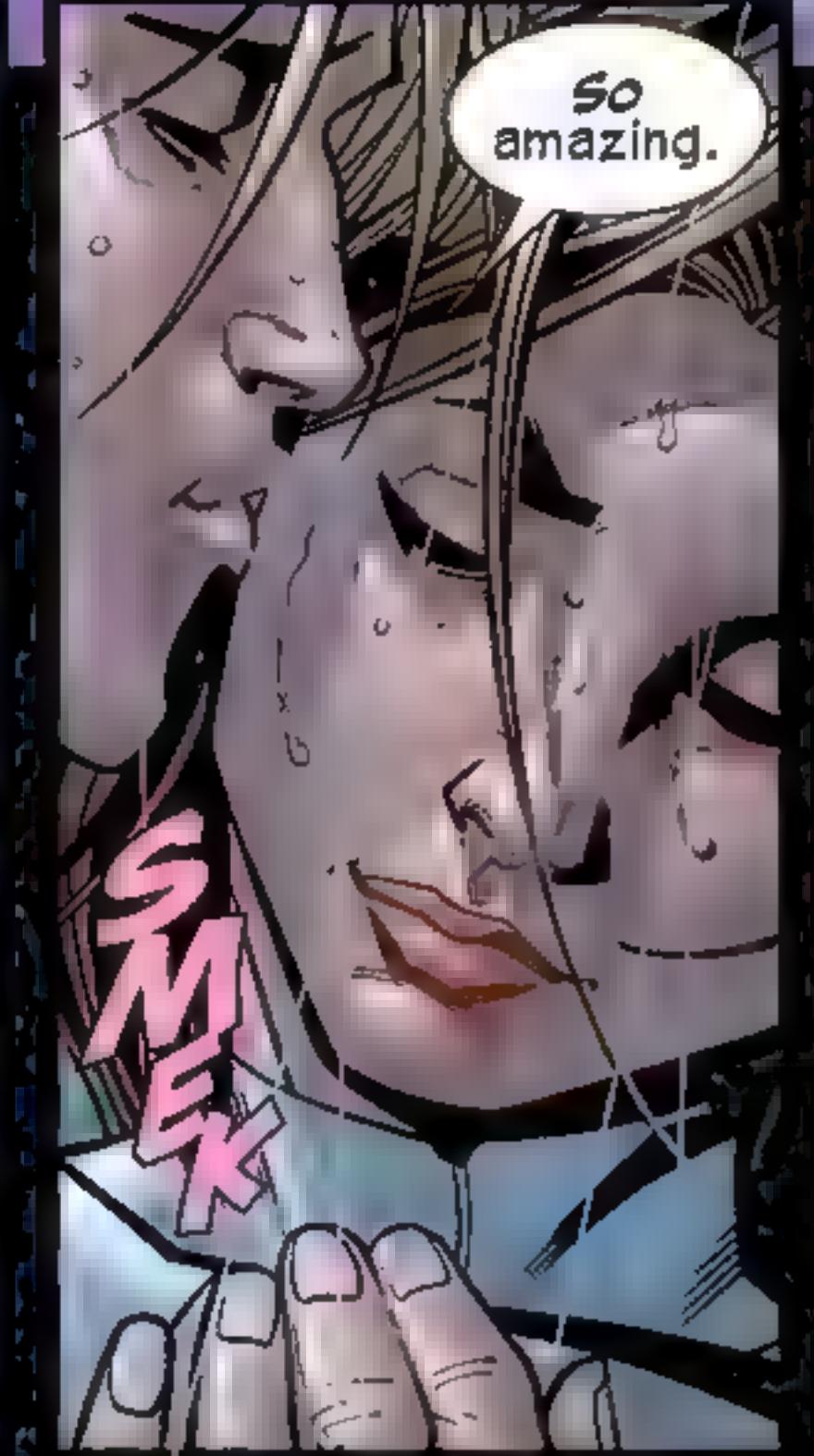
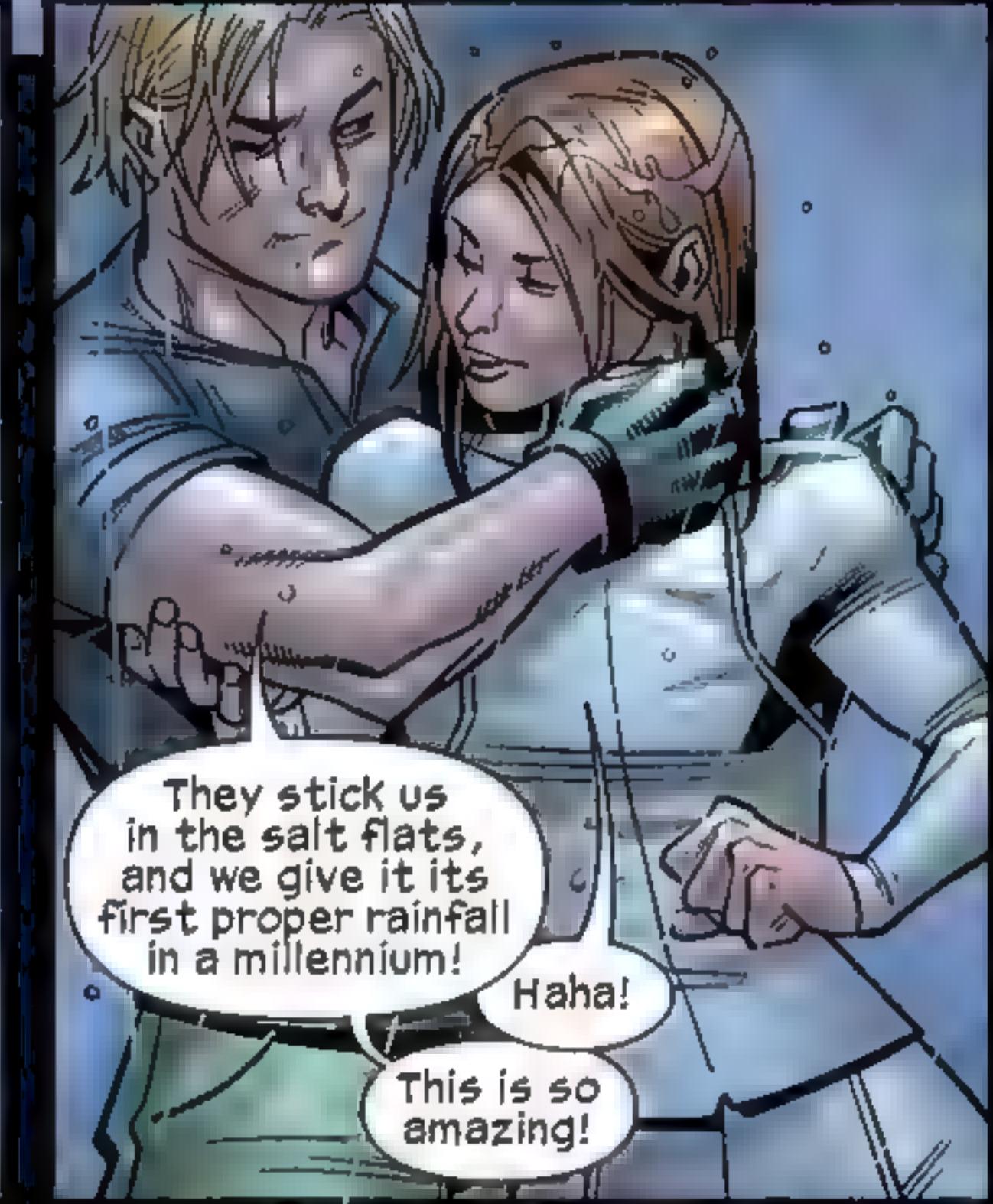
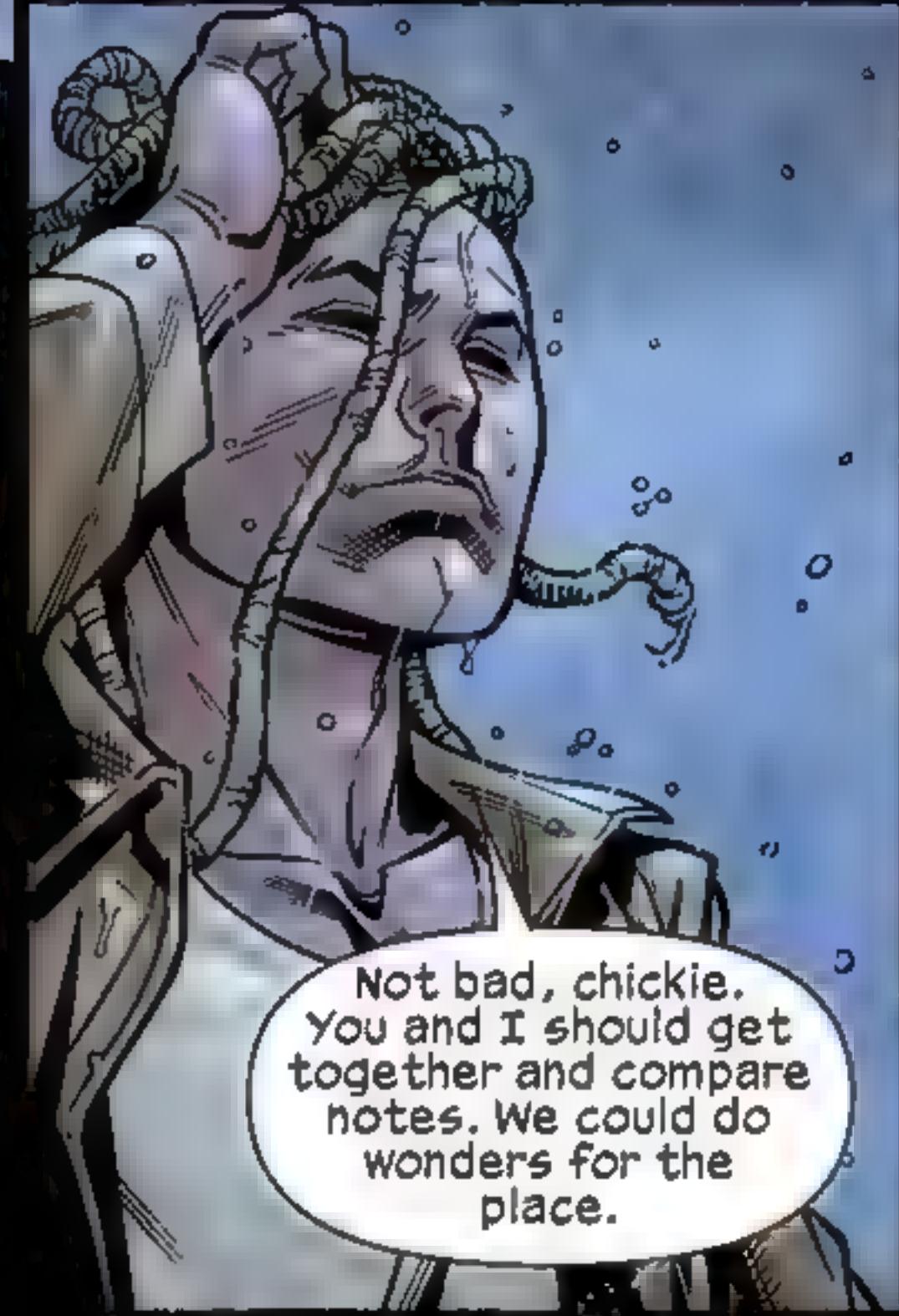
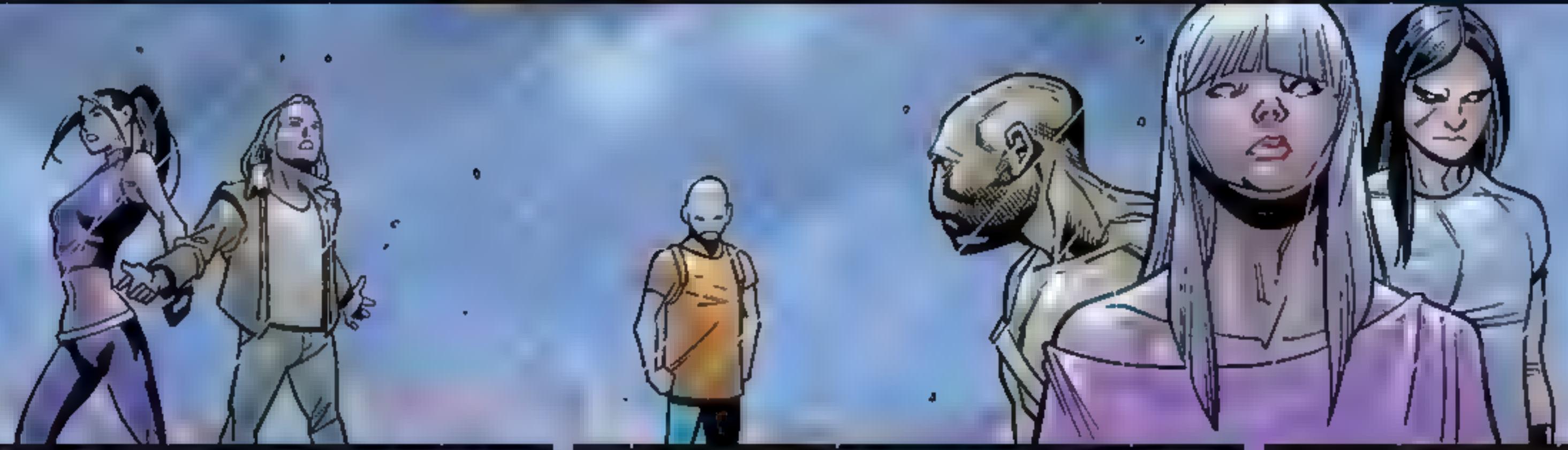
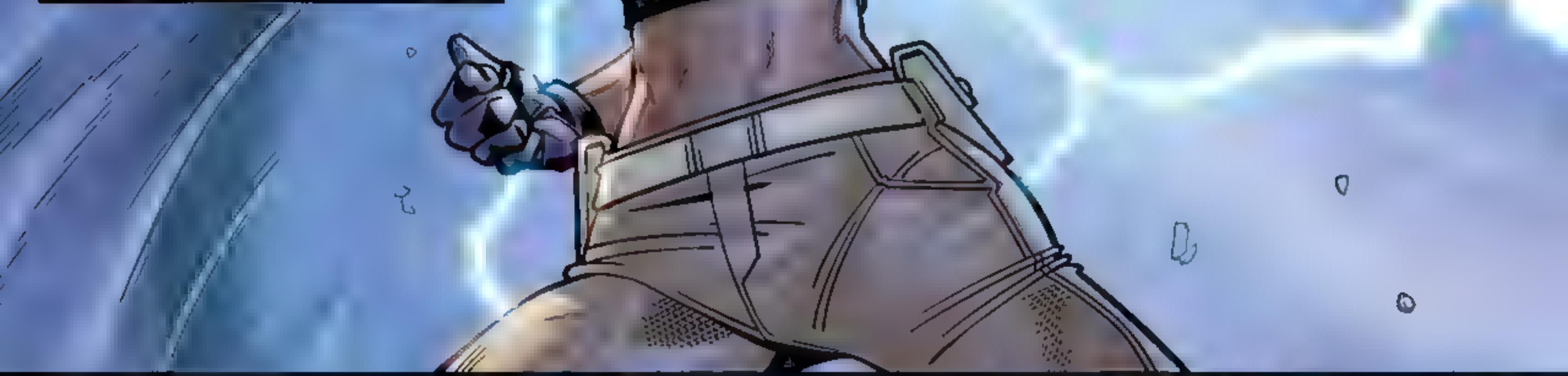
Why does a  
guy with powers  
like that want to  
give them up? I  
can't figure  
it out.

I'm so  
sorry,  
Rogue.

Hot as blazes  
out here! I'll wait  
to nothing before  
we make it.

You can go intangible when  
you want to, Kitty. I'm  
basically untouchable *all*  
*the time*, no matter  
how I feel.

And then the  
one guy, the *one*  
*exception* to the  
*biggest curse* of my  
life, opts for the cure  
and now he's gone too.



## THE FIRST MUTANT NATION SETTLEMENT, DUBBED "UTOPIA."

The sight of the camp shut us up quick.

Twenty metal shipping containers. To call these "shelters" was pretty much insulting.

We set to work organizing them into something resembling a community. "Utopia," sneered Blackheath, and the name stuck.

It gave us something to keep joking about as we assessed what our government...our ex-government...saw fit to give us.

Water. Silty, slight salt taste. Zero confirmed it was drinkable. Storm can bring rainwater down on us, when the conditions permit.

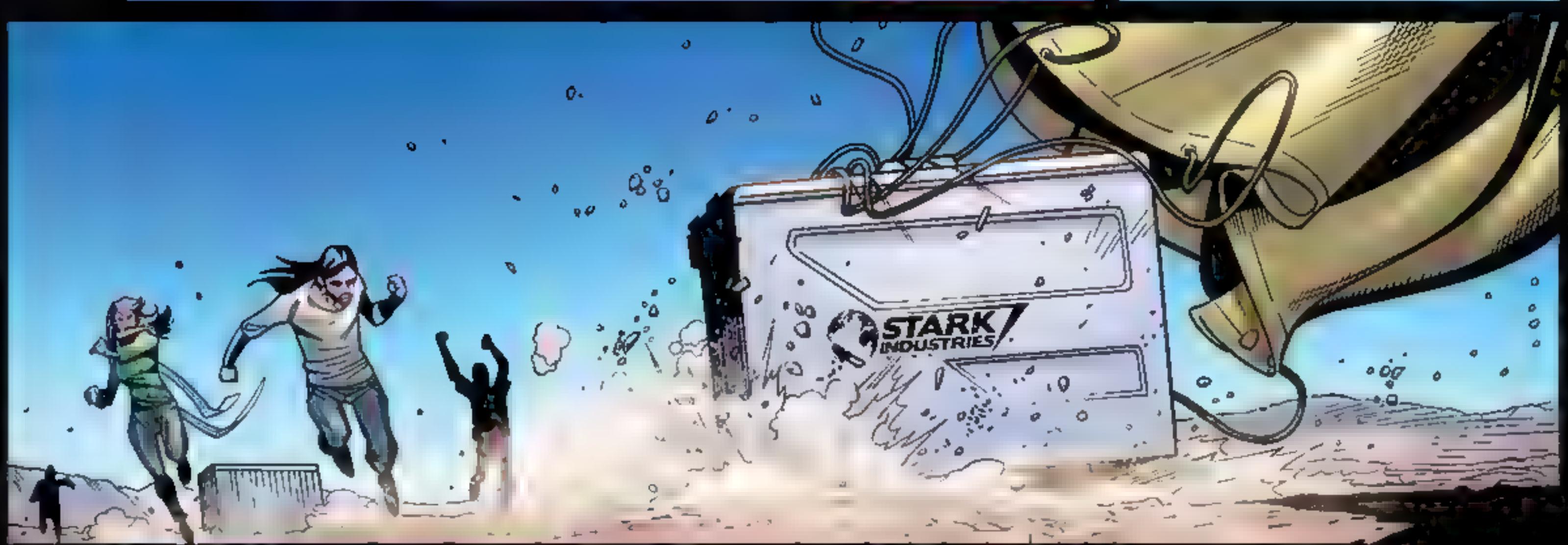
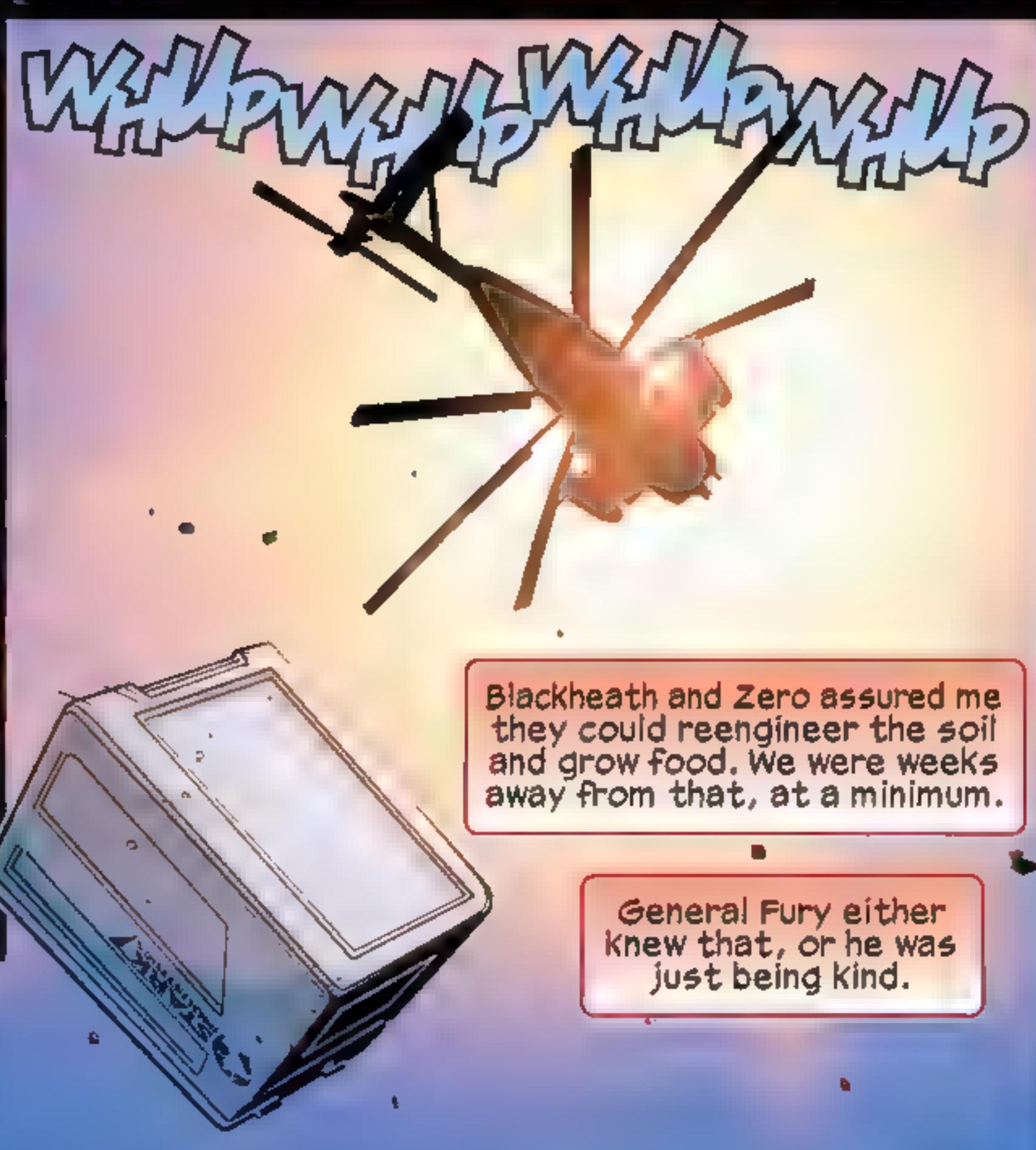
She needs weather over the Sierra Nevadas to send moisture down here. We can't count on a steady supply.

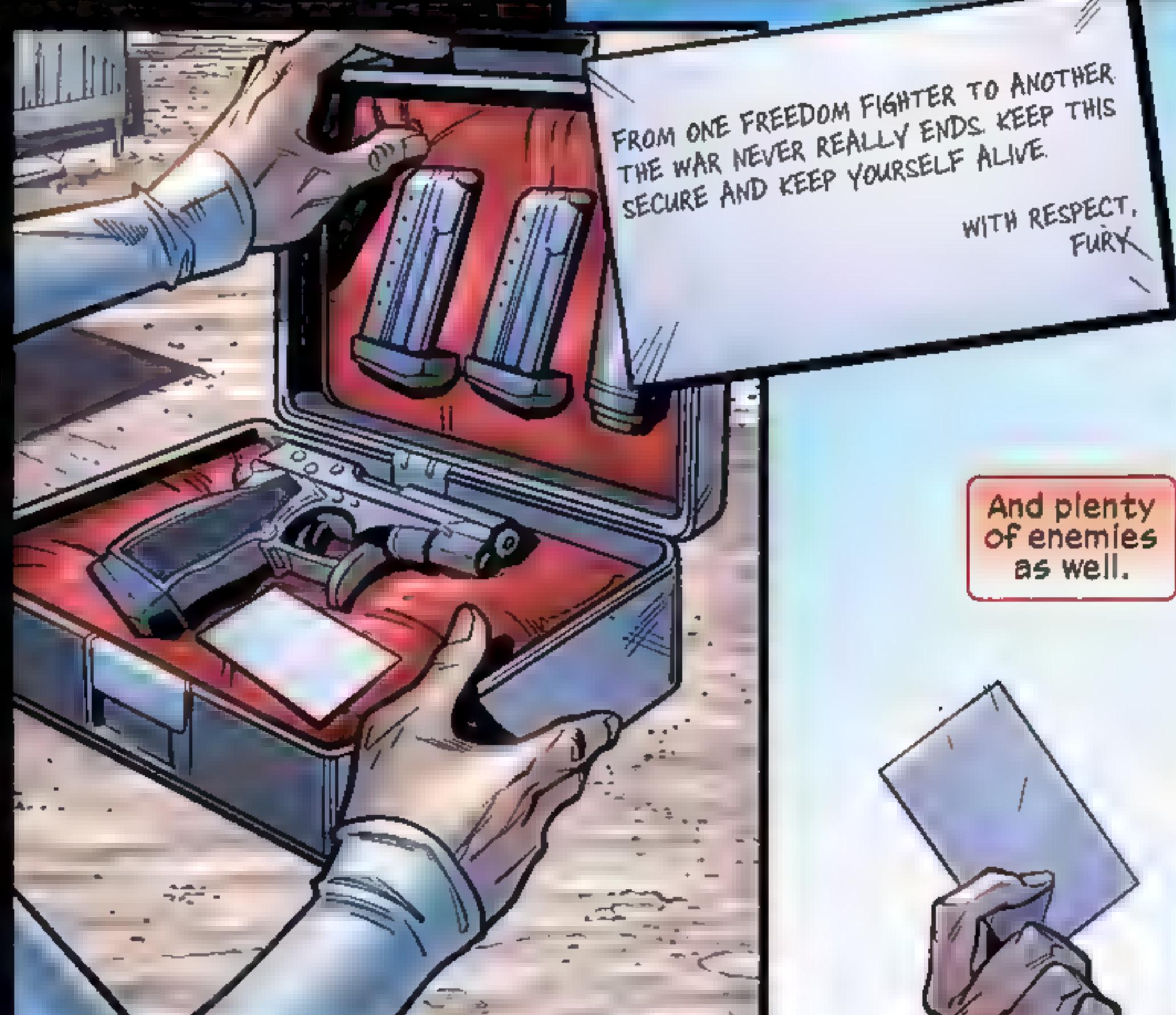
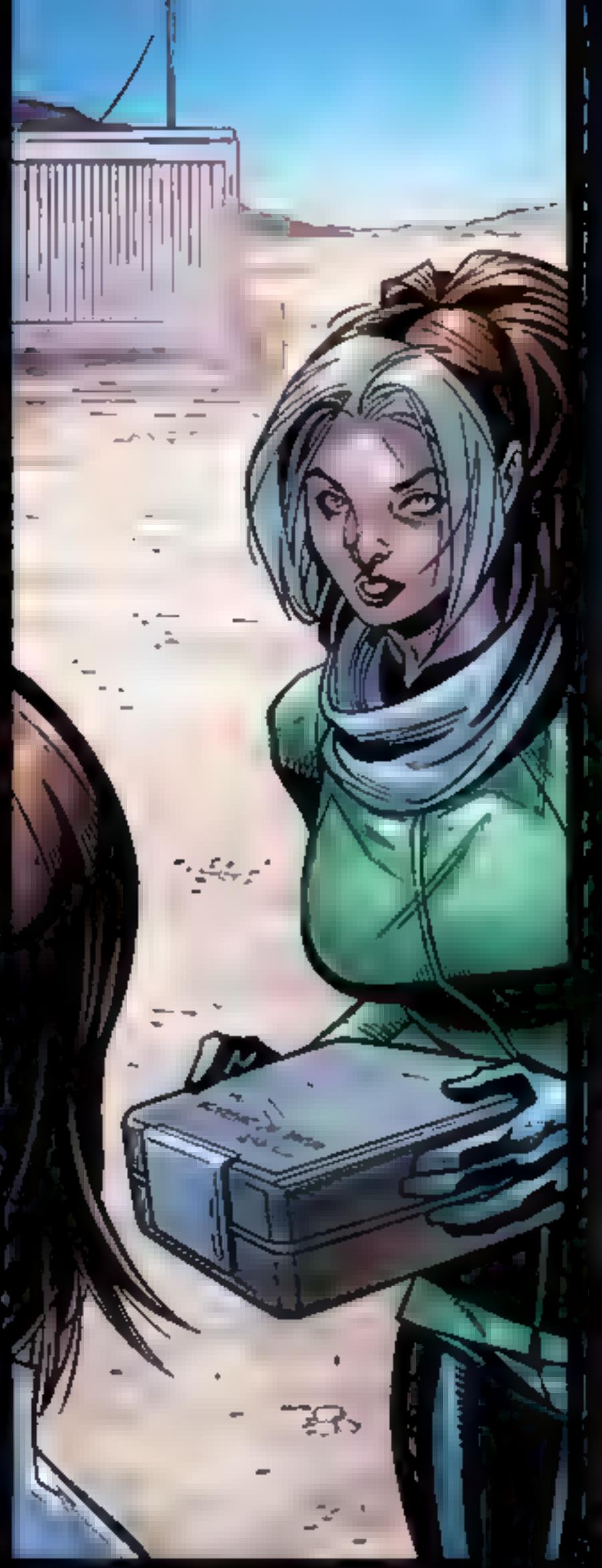
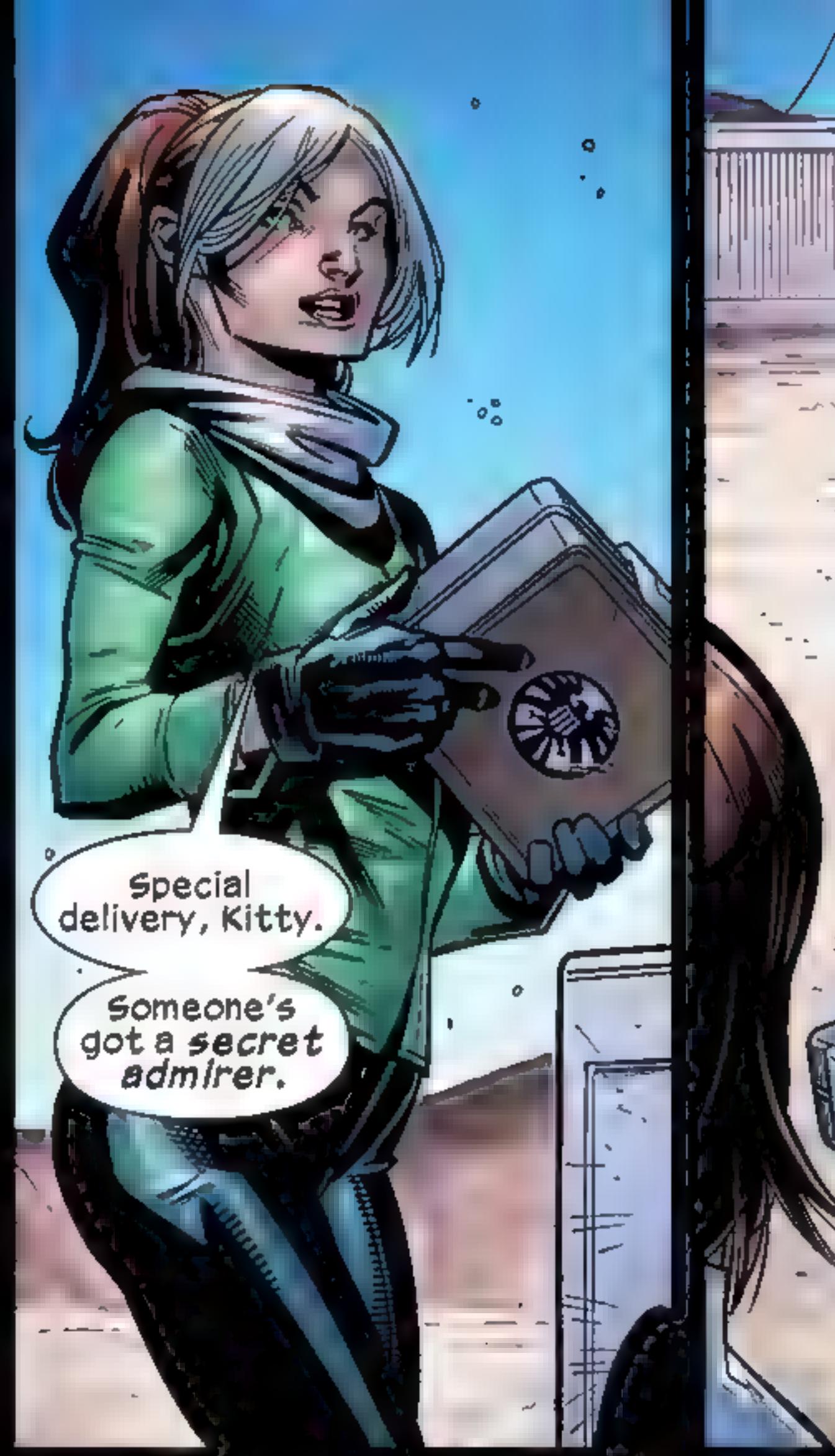
The bartering and hoarding started immediately. Nomi's people claimed a block of trailers to themselves.

...now we're drawing up sides against each other.

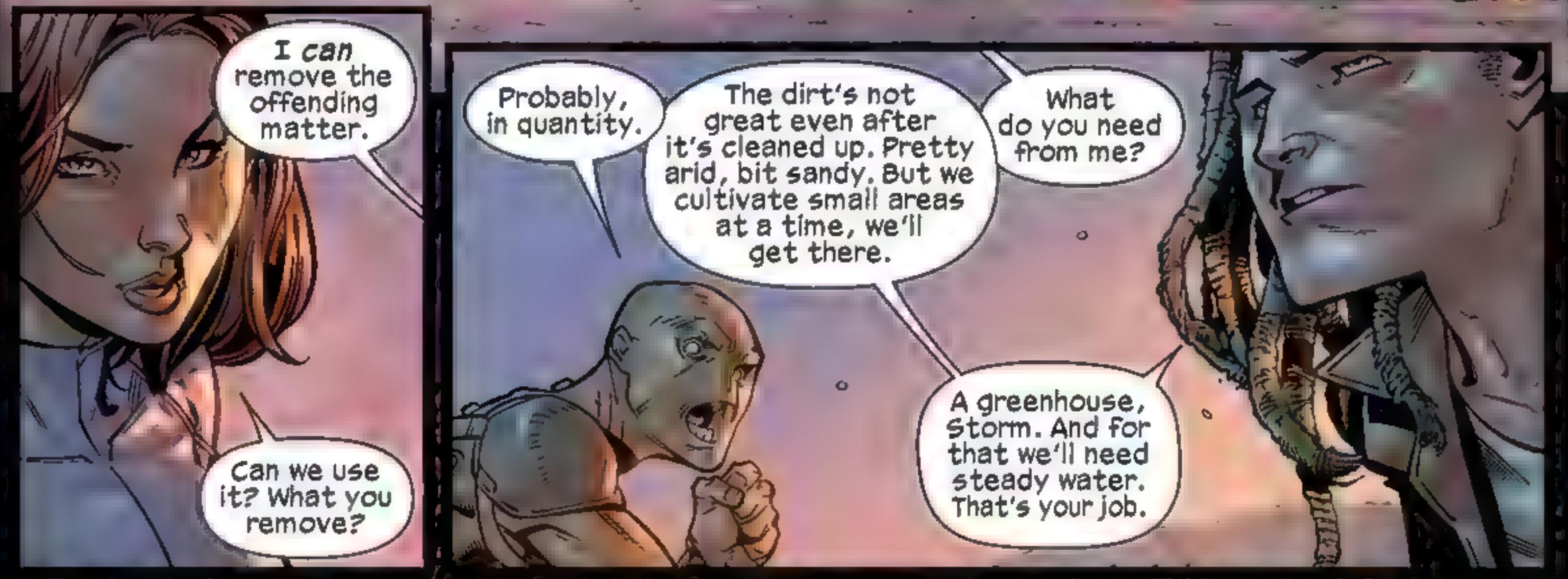
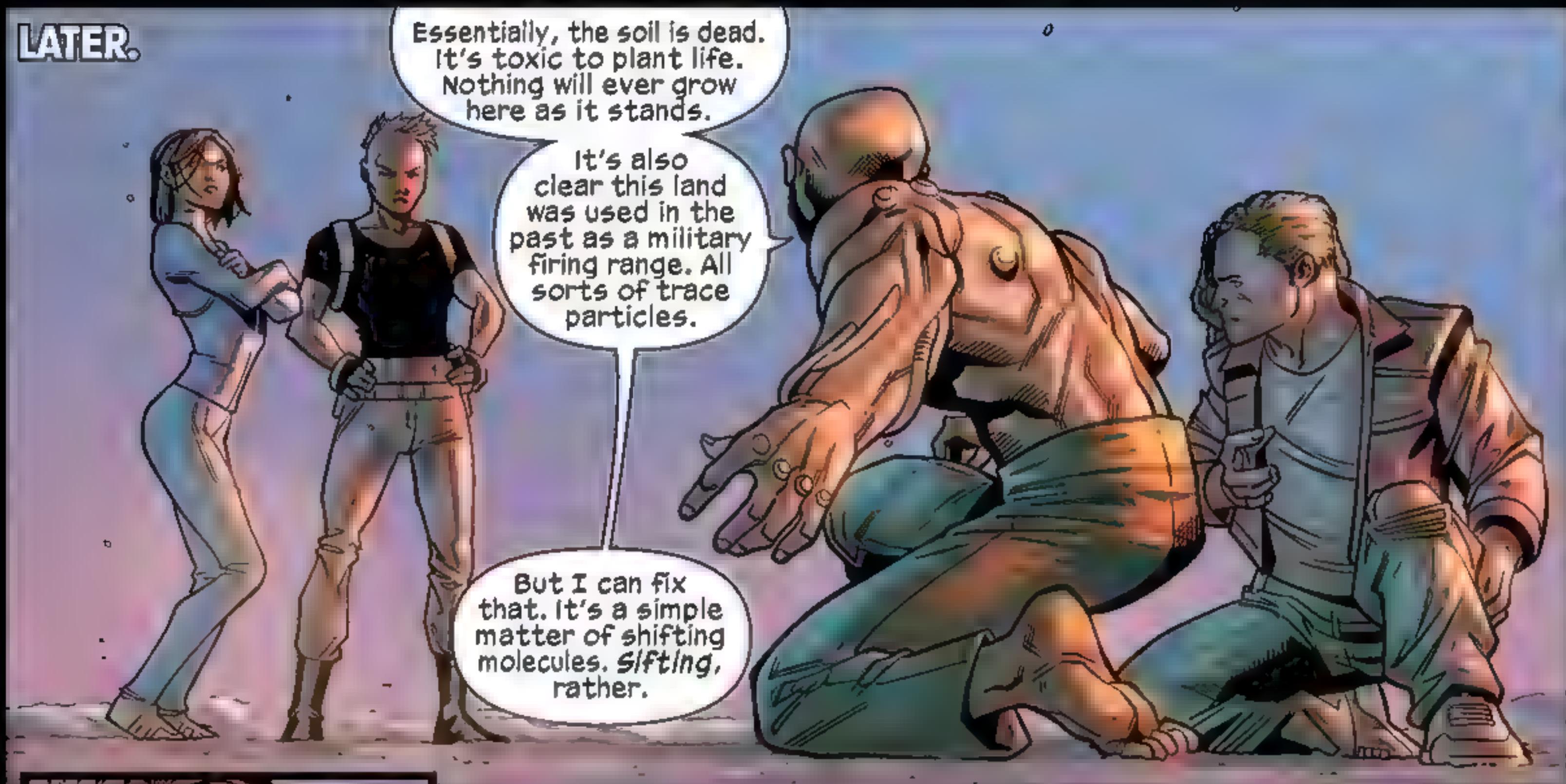
Less than 72 hours ago we were a united front against a common enemy...

We had shelter and water, but we needed food.

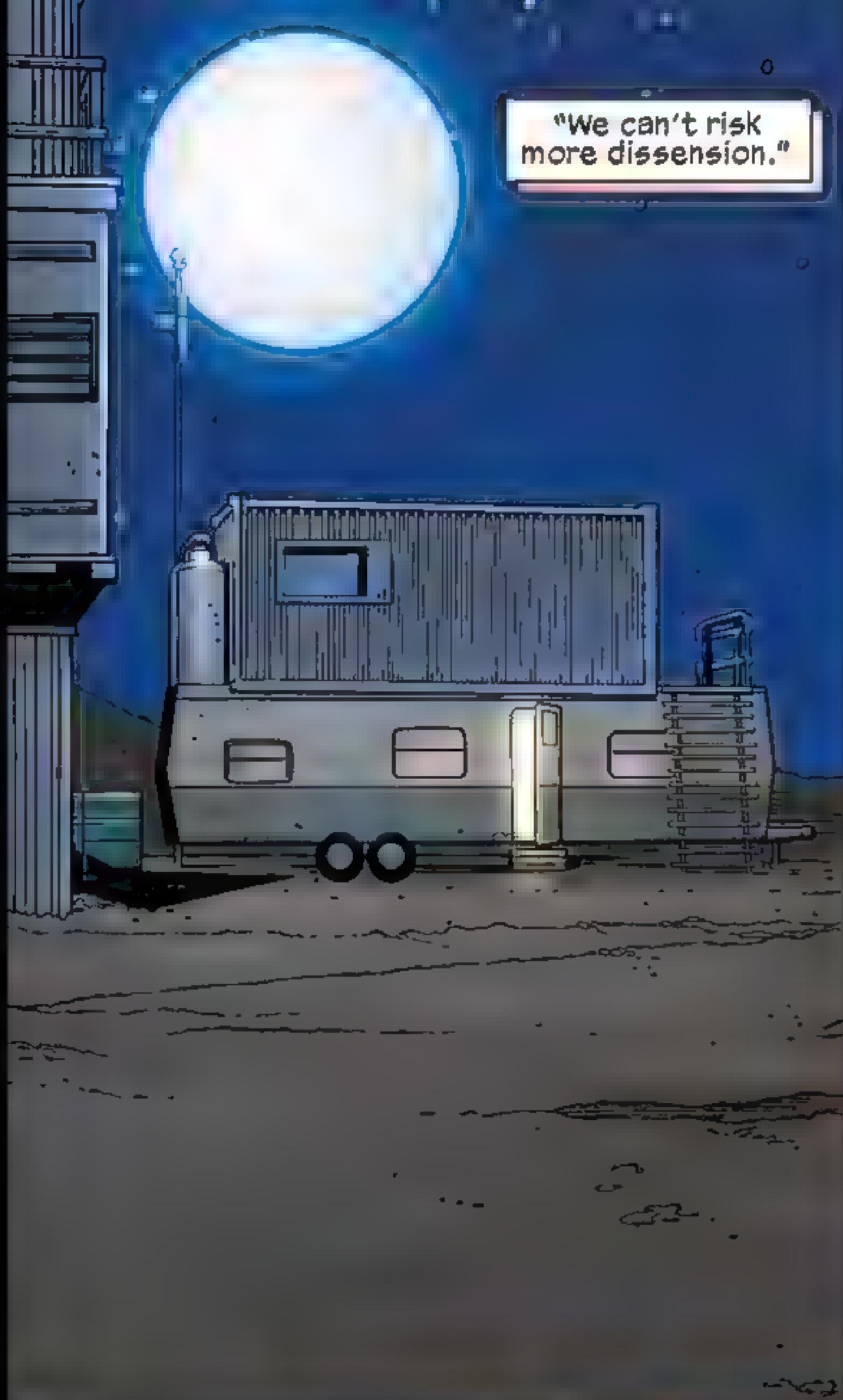




LATER.



"We can't risk more dissension."



What I don't get, is why are you telling me this if you're working with Kitty on the soil project.

MACH TWO.



We all gotta eat, don't we? Plants are what I do, Nomi.

That reminds me...

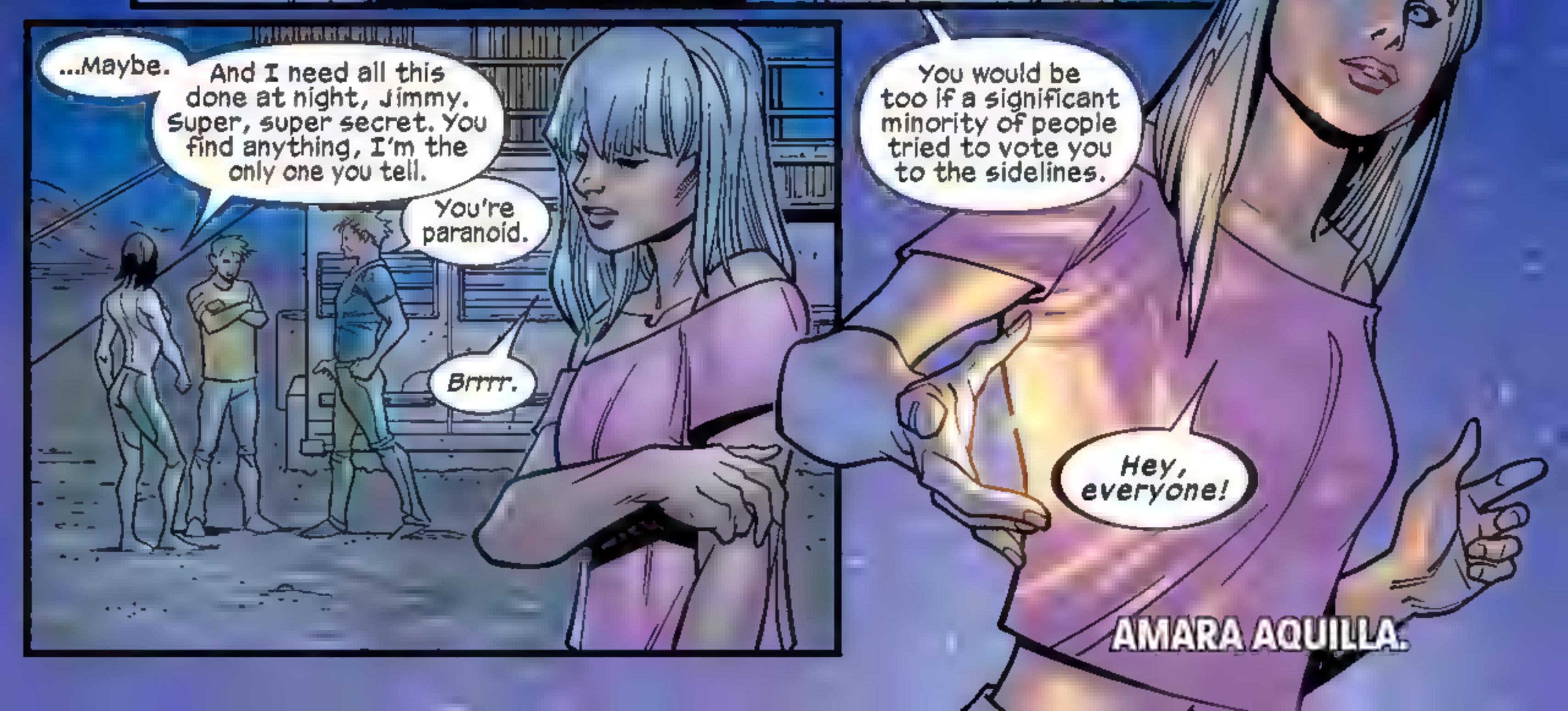
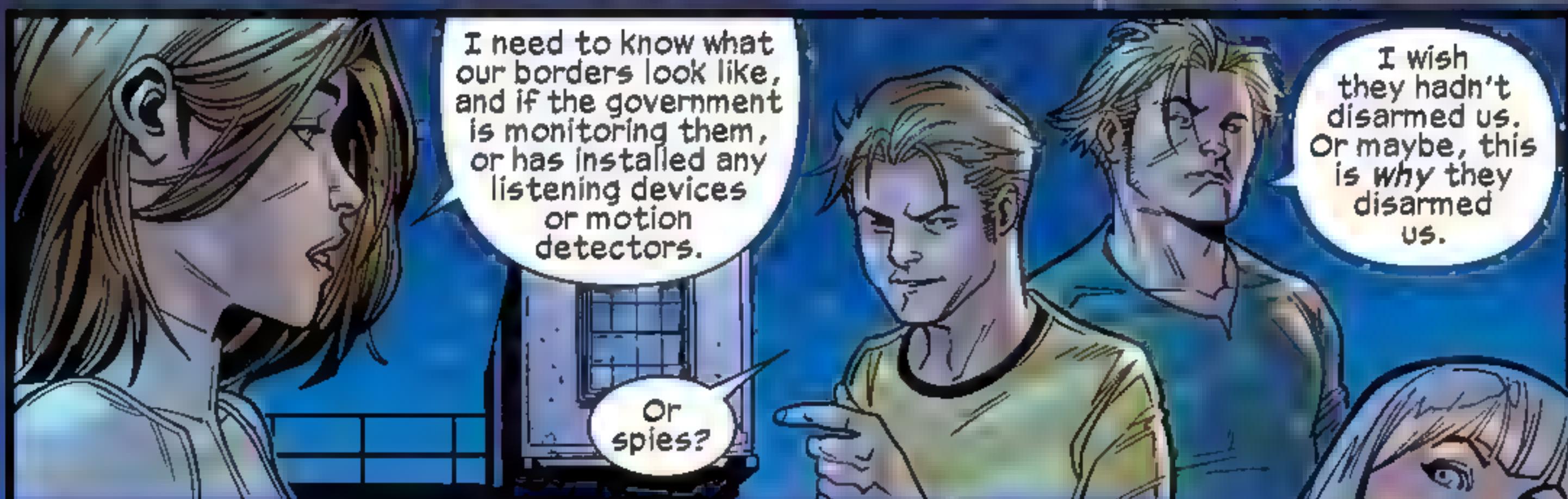
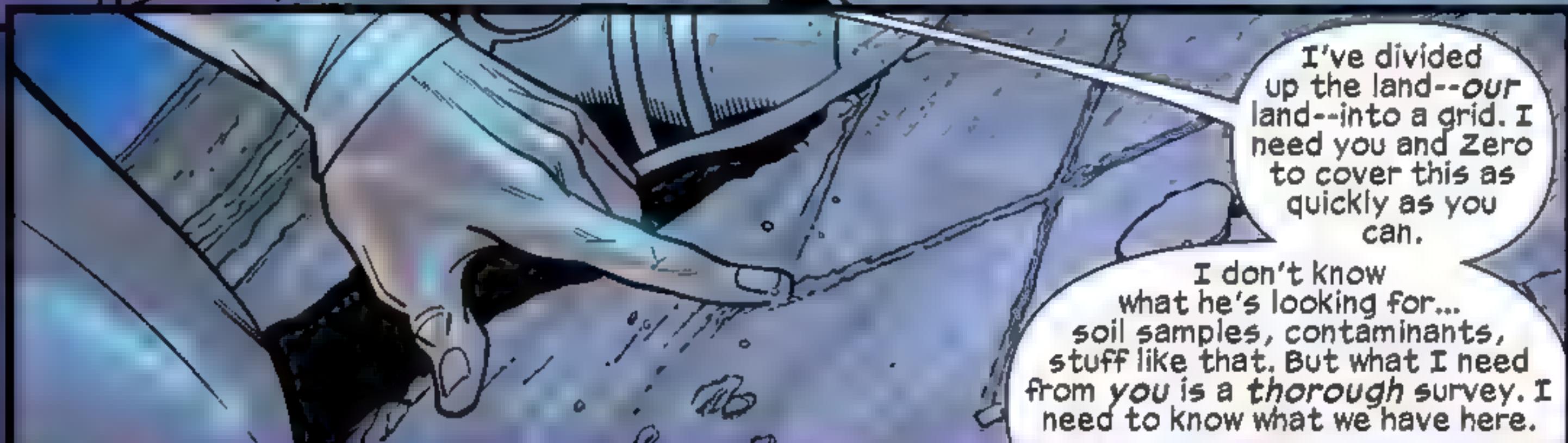


...Just what is it exactly that you do? It suddenly occurs to me I may be linking my fortunes to some wee girl whose only power may be to sprout interesting colored patches of hair.

Look outside.







AKA MAGMA.

Come on! Let's celebrate!

Day one at "Utopia," our first day as free people, as free mutants. Even if we had to give everything else up to get it, it was still a good thing.

I felt the terrible burden of the handgun Fury gave me. It was almost as if it had a gravity well, that it was trying to pull me towards it, tempting me to pick it up. To use it.

I was convinced of one thing for sure: if we were to thrive, violence could not be part of our system. I put down my gun, like Fury told me.

It may have been a necessary evil, but collectively, we can be better than that.

Tomorrow I'll have the gun destroyed.

Nomi? Send Warpath to search Kitty Pryde's trailer.

He'll know what he's looking for when he sees it.

Understood, Psylocke.



**KAREN GRANT  
MISTRESS OF SEAR.**

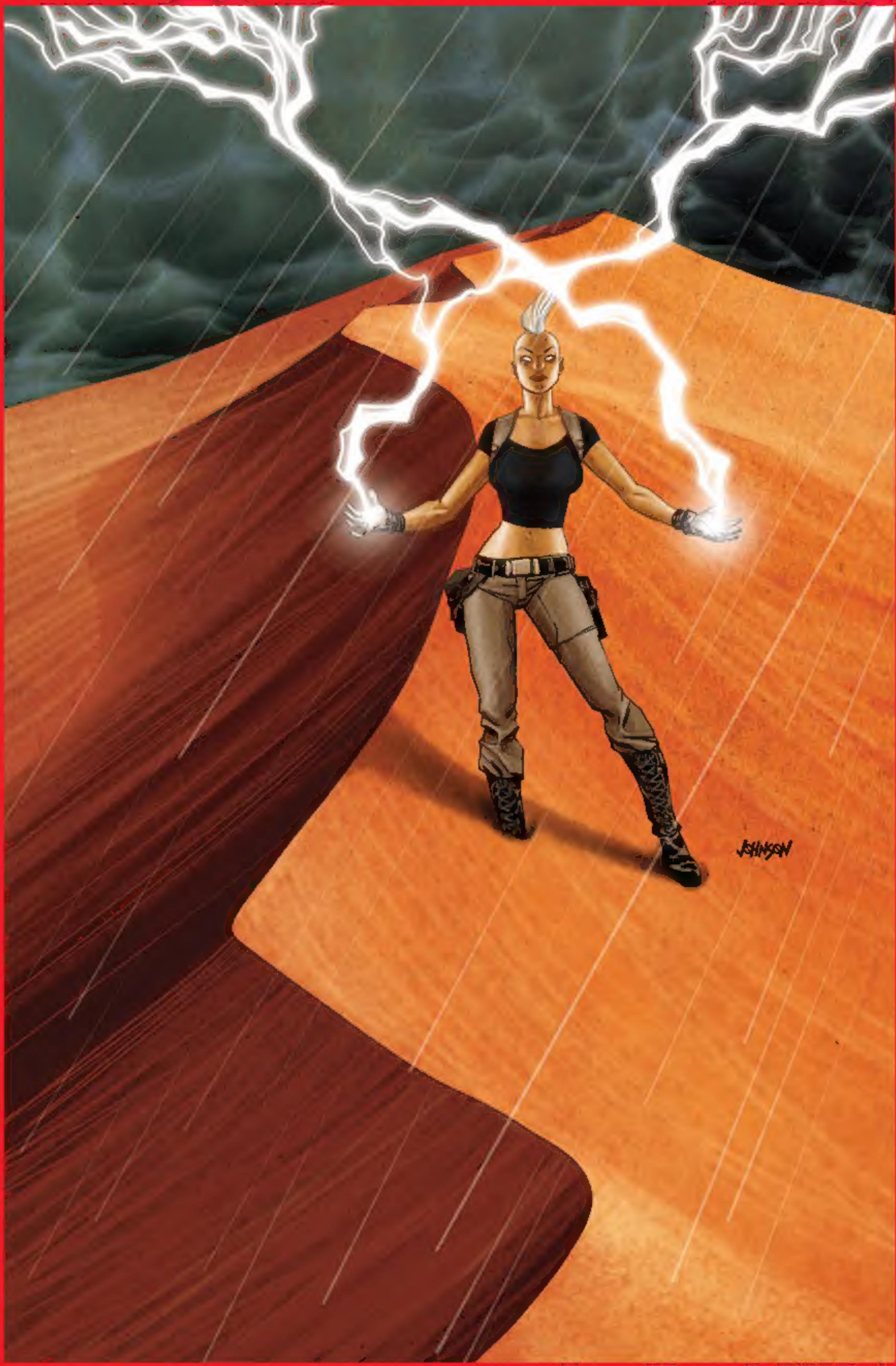
Thank you, Farbird. Your service honors us.

Keep me updated, no matter how mundane.

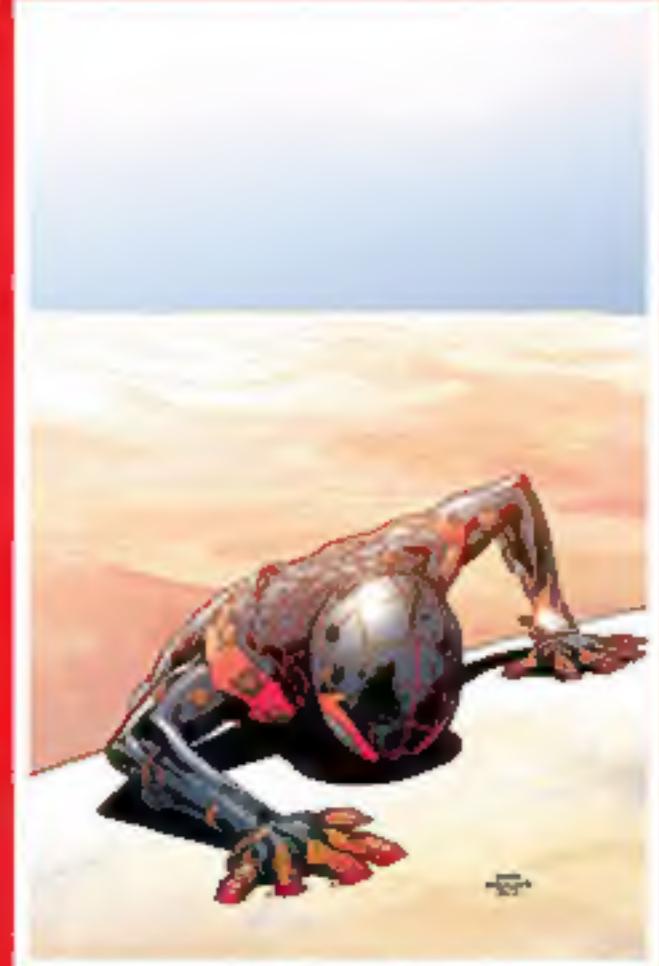
I want to know **exactly** what Kitty Pryde is doing down there.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

NEXT



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ULTIMATE COMICS  
SPIDER-MAN #18

